



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A 1,001,632

ALONG THE  
TRAIL RICHARD  
HOVEY

B G

Out of the hills came a voice, And;  
Out of the pine-woods a cry.

Richard Henry

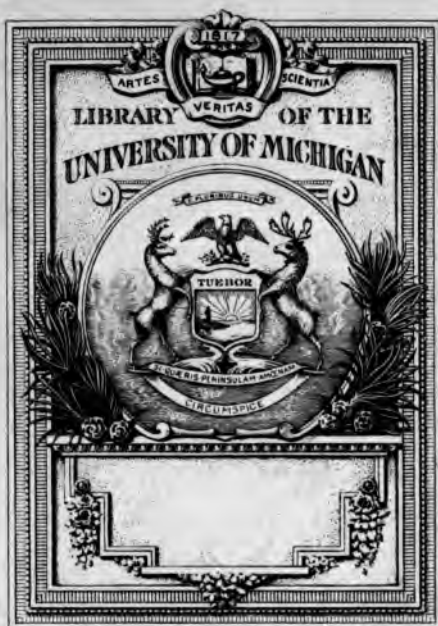
828  
H 846  
1899

— All the place was fragrant  
with odor and upon the sleeping oak has  
The sun, yell. like a mystic wine of light poured  
On Cupfuls. —

— From one of my favorite  
poems —

— *Henriette Hovey*

New York April 23<sup>rd</sup> 1902







## ALONG THE TRAIL



BY RICHARD HOVEY

LAUNCELOT AND GUENEVERE

*A Poem in Dramas*

- |                                   |        |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| I. THE QUEST OF MERLIN . .        | \$1.25 |
| A Masque                          |        |
| II. THE MARRIAGE OF GUENEVERE . . | 1.50   |
| A Tragedy                         |        |
| III. THE BIRTH OF GALAHAD . .     | 1.50   |
| A Romantic Drama                  |        |
| IV. TALIESIN . . . . .            | 1.00   |
| A Masque                          |        |

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY, BOSTON

# ALONG THE TRAIL

A BOOK OF LYRICS  
BY RICHARD HOVEY



---

Attention Reader:

This volume is too fragile for any future repair.  
Please handle with great care.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY-CONSERVATION & BOOK REPAIR

---

828

*Copyright, 1898*

H846 a1 BY SMALL, MAYNARD AND COMPANY

1899

*All rights reserved*

First Edition, December, 1898

Second Edition, March, 1899

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

TO MY MOTHER



*The thanks of the author and the publishers are due to Messrs. Copeland and Day for their kind permission to use such extracts from Songs from Vagabondia and More Songs from Vagabondia as were necessary in order to print "Comrades," "Spring," and "The Faun" in this volume with their complete text.*



English  
natural  
6-7-38  
36619

## CONTENTS

### I

	PAGE
THE WORD OF THE LORD FROM HAVANA . . .	3
THE CALL OF THE BUGLES . . . . .	5
UNMANIFEST DESTINY . . . . .	16
AMERICA . . . . .	17

### II

DEAD . . . . .	21
FORGIVEN . . . . .	23
LOVE AND CHANGE . . . . .	24
LAUNCELOT AND GAWAINE . . . . .	26
MY LADY'S SOUL . . . . .	26
AFTER BUSINESS HOURS . . . . .	27
THE THOUGHT OF HER . . . . .	28
LOVE IN THE WINDS . . . . .	28
TWO AND FATE . . . . .	29
FAITH AND FATE . . . . .	29
CHANSONS DE ROSEMONDE . . . . .	30
A WANDERER . . . . .	32
THE LOVE OF A BOY — YESTERDAY . . . . .	33
THE LOVE OF A BOY — TO-DAY . . . . .	34
AN OFF-SHORE VILLANELLE . . . . .	35
TO LESBIA . . . . .	36
NOCTURNE . . . . .	37
THE TWO LOVERS . . . . .	37
APPARITION . . . . .	38
SUMMER SADNESS . . . . .	39
"SPRUNG FROM THE VASE'S BULGE AND LEAP" . . . . .	40
"BALMY WITH YEARS, WHAT SILKEN PLY" . . . . .	41
HERODIAS . . . . .	41

### III

COMRADES . . . . .	47
ONE LEAF MORE . . . . .	55
SPRING . . . . .	56
MEN OF DARTMOUTH . . . . .	66
THE OLD PINE . . . . .	68
IN MEMORIAM. (A. H. Q.) . . . . .	68



	PAGE
DARTMOUTH ODE . . . . .	69
A WINTER THOUGHT OF DARTMOUTH IN MAN- HATTAN . . . . .	75
OUR LIEGE LADY, DARTMOUTH . . . . .	78
HANOVER WINTER-SONG . . . . .	79

#### IV

THE FAUN . . . . .	83
SWALLOW SONG . . . . .	90
A HEALTH. To E. C. S . . . . .	91
THE DRAMATIST. To M. K. . . . .	92
DELSARTE . . . . .	92
WORLD AND POET . . . . .	92
THE SOUTH . . . . .	93
A CAPRICE OF OGAROW. To M. P. . . . .	93
THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS . . . . .	94
BEETHOVEN'S THIRD SYMPHONY . . . . .	94
AUGUST . . . . .	95
A BALLADE OF MYSTERIES . . . . .	96
THE SHADOWS . . . . .	97
ANGRO-MAINYUS . . . . .	98
IMMANENCE . . . . .	100
TRANSCENDENCE . . . . .	100
VISITATION . . . . .	100
IN EXCELSIS . . . . .	101
THE VEILED LADY . . . . .	102
THE MESSENGER . . . . .	102
HENRY GEORGE . . . . .	103

#### V

BENZAQUEN: A FRAGMENT . . . . .	107
---------------------------------	-----

**ALONG THE TRAIL**

**1883-1898**



I



## THE WORD OF THE LORD FROM HAVANA

THUS spake the Lord :  
Because ye have not heard,  
Because ye have given no heed  
To my people in their need,

Because the oppressed cried  
From the dust where he died,  
And ye turned your face away  
From his cry in that day,

Because ye have bought and sold  
That which is above gold,  
Because your brother is slain  
While ye get you drunk with gain,

(Behold, these are my people, I have brought them to  
birth,  
On whom the mighty have trod,  
The kings of the earth,  
Saith the Lord God !)

Because ye have fawned and bowed down  
Lest the spoiler frown,  
And the wrongs that the spoiled have borne  
Ye have held in scorn,

Therefore with rending and flame  
I have marred and smitten you,

Therefore I have given you to shame,  
That the nations shall spit on you.

Therefore my Angel of Death  
Hath stretched out his hand on you,  
Therefore I speak in my wrath,  
Laying command on you ;

(Once have I bared my sword,  
And the kings of the earth gave a cry;  
Twice have I bared my sword,  
That the kings of the earth should die ;  
Thrice shall I bare my sword,  
And ye shall know my name, that it is I!)

Ye who held peace less than right  
When a king laid a pitiful tax on you,  
Hold not your hand from the fight  
When freedom cries under the axe on you !

(I who called France to you, call you to Cuba in turn !  
Repay — lest I cast you adrift and you perish astern!)

Ye who made war that your ships  
Should lay to at the beck of no nation,  
Make war now on Murder, that slips  
The leash of her hounds of damnation !

Ye who remembered the Alamo,  
Remember the Maine !

Ye who unfettered the slave,  
Break a free people's chain !

*(Written after the destruction of the battleship "Maine,"  
17 February, 1898)*

## THE CALL OF THE BUGLES

BUGLES !

And the Great Nation thrills and leaps to arms !  
Prompt, unconstrained, immediate,  
Without misgiving and without debate,  
Too calm, too strong for fury or alarms,  
The people blossoms armies and puts forth  
The splendid summer of its noiseless might ;  
For the old sap of fight  
Mounts up in South and North,  
The thrill  
That tingled in our veins at Bunker Hill  
And brought to bloom July of 'Seventy-Six !  
Pine and palmetto mix  
With the sequoia of the giant West  
Their ready banners, and the hosts of war,  
Near and far,  
Sudden as dawn,  
Innumerable as forests, hear the call  
Of the bugles,  
The battle-birds !



For not alone the brave, the fortunate,  
Who' first of all  
Have put their knapsacks on —  
They are the valiant vanguard of the rest! —  
Not they alone, but all our millions wait,  
Hand on sword,  
For the word  
That bids them bid the nations know us sons of Fate.

Bugles!  
And in my heart a cry,  
— Like a dim echo far and mournfully  
Blown back to answer them from yesterday!  
A soldier's burial!  
November hillsides and the falling leaves  
Where the Potomac broadens to the tide —  
The crisp autumnal silence and the gray  
(As of a solemn ritual  
Whose congregation glories as it grieves,  
Widowed but still a bride) —  
The long hills sloping to the wave,  
And the lone bugler standing by the grave!

Taps!  
The lonely call over the lonely woodlands —  
Rising like the soaring of wings,  
Like the flight of an eagle —  
Taps!  
They sound forever in my heart.

From farther still,  
The echoes — still the echoes !  
The bugles of the dead  
Blowing from spectral ranks an answering cry !  
The ghostly roll of immaterial drums,  
Beating reveille in the camps of dream,  
As from far meadows comes,  
Over the pathless hill,  
The irremeable stream.  
I hear the tread  
Of the great armies of the Past go by ;  
I hear,  
Across the wide sea wash of years between,  
Concord and Valley Forge shout back from the unseen,  
And Vicksburg give a cheer.

Our cheer goes back to them, the valiant dead !  
Laurels and roses on their graves to-day,  
Lilies and laurels over them we lay,  
And violets o'er each unforgotten head.  
Their honor still with the returning May  
Puts on its springtime in our memories,  
Nor till the last American with them lies  
Shall the young year forget to strew their bed.

Peace to their ashes, sleep and honored rest !  
But we — awake !  
Ours to remember them with deeds like theirs !

From sea to sea the insistent bugle blares,  
The drums will not be still for any sake ;  
And as an eagle rears his crest,  
Defiant, from some tall pine of the north, .  
And spreads his wings to fly,  
The banners of America go forth  
Against the clarion sky.  
Veteran and volunteer,  
They who were comrades of that shadow host,  
And the young brood whose veins renew the fires  
That burned in their great sires,  
Alike we hear  
The summons sounding clear  
From coast to coast, —  
The cry of the bugles,  
The battle-birds !

As some great hero men have dreamed might be,  
Sigurd or Herakles or Launcelot,  
Too strong to reckon up the gain or pain,  
With equal and indifferent disdain  
Keeping or keeping not  
What he may win,  
Gives to the world his victory  
And to the weak the labors he might spare,  
My knightly country, the world's paladin,  
Throw out its pennon to the air  
To make a people free !

Rejoice, O Cuba ! thy worst foe  
Is overthrown.  
The money dragon,  
The Old Serpent,  
Thy jailer's strong defence, laid low,  
Cast down,  
Pierced to the bone,  
Makes off to nurse his wound,  
Dragging his scaly length along the ground.  
Ha, ha ! he is sick,  
He hath no stomach for the battle.  
With dull reptilian malice in his eyes,  
Spoiled of his prey, he lies,  
Blinking his glutton hatred from his lair.  
Plotting new outrage in his den,  
He waits to be strong again.  
— Let him beware !  
For we, who have smitten him once,  
Shall smite him again !  
A passing wound for the nonce,  
But a death blow then !  
Now with a warning stroke,  
That he coil not across our way  
When the wronged cry under the yoke  
And we may not stay ;  
But then in the hour of Doom  
To his irrevocable tomb  
Forever hurled,

That the world may again have room  
For the sons of the world.

Rejoice again, O Cuba !  
Rejoice, Gomez !  
Rejoice, spirit of Maceo !  
The voice of the Lord in the drums,  
The cry of Jehovah in the bugles ;  
— Let my people go free !  
Behold, I will burst their chain !  
For my Deliverer comes,  
He whom I have chosen to be  
My Messenger on the Sea,  
My Rod for the scourge of Spain !  
I have endured her too long ;  
I have smitten and she has not ceased from wrong, —  
I have forborne  
And she has held me in scorn.  
Now therefore for her misdeeds  
Wherewith Time bleeds,  
I who smote her by the hand of Drake  
And wrenched from her the Sea, —  
I who raised up Bolivar to shake  
Her captive continent free, —  
I will smite her for the third time in my wrath  
And naught shall remain,  
But a black char of memory in man's path,  
Of the power of Spain.

We have heard the voice of the Lord ;  
Manila knows our answer, and Madrid  
Shall hear it in our cannon at her gate,  
Unless to save some remnant of her fate,  
Ere that assault be bid,  
She yield her conquered sword.

Let her not put her trust  
In the nations that cry out  
Against us, in them that flout  
The battle of the just.  
They have made themselves drunk with wind ;  
They have uttered a foolish cry  
In the ears of the Lord on high ;  
But they shall not save her with words  
— Nay, nor with swords —  
From the doom of the sin she has sinned.

For the writ of the Powers does not run  
Where the flag of the Union floats.  
Fair and equal every one  
We greet with loyal throats ;  
But we own no suzerain.  
Thewed with freedom,  
Mailed in destiny —  
We shall maintain  
Against the world our right,  
Their peer in majesty, their peer in might.

Who now are they whose God is gain?  
Let Rothschild-ridden Europe hold her peace!  
Her jest is proved a lie.  
They and not we refrain  
From all things high  
At the money-changers' cry;  
They and not we have sold  
Their flags for gold;  
They and not we yield honor to increase.

Honor to England, that she does us right  
At last, and, after many a valiant fight,  
Forgets her ancient grudge!  
But ye, O nations, be the Lord our judge  
And yours the shame forever! How shall ye  
In the unforgetting face of History  
Look without blush hereafter? Ye who gave  
To the Great Robber all your words of cheer,  
And to the Champion of the Right a sneer—  
What answer will ye have  
When affronted Time demands  
The shame and fame of nations at your hands?

Thou too, O France!  
Thou, the beloved!—  
Paul Jones and Lafayette in Paradise  
Lift not their sad, ashamed, bewildered eyes,  
But pass in silence with averted glance.

Twinned with us in the hearts of all the free,  
O fair and dear, what have we done to thee?  
What have we done to thee, beloved and fair,  
That thou shouldst greet us with an alien stare,  
And take to thy embrace  
Her whose flag never flew but where it left the trace  
Of murder and of rapine on the air?

Not only to lay low  
The decrepit foe  
— Proud, cruel, treacherous, but still brave,  
With one foot in the grave —  
But once for all  
To warn the world that, though we do not brawl,  
Our sword is ready to protect  
The weak against the brutal strong,  
Our guns are ready to exact  
Justice of them that do us wrong.

Ay, we “remember the Maine,”  
The mighty ship  
And the men thereon!  
There is no court for nations that can mete  
The just reward for murder upon Spain;  
No Arbiter can put the black cap on;  
No sovereign nation, shorn of sovereignty,  
Be brought, a felon, to the judgment seat  
— Except by war!



Cease then this silly prate,  
That to do justice on the evil-doer  
Is vengeful and unworthy of the State.  
Remember the Maine —  
That all the world as well as Spain  
May know that God has given us the sword  
To punish crime and vindicate his word.  
Ye pompous prattlers, cease  
Your idle platitudes of peace  
When there is no peace !  
Back to your world of books, and leave the world of  
men  
To them that have the habit of the real,  
Nor longer with a mask of fair ideal  
Hide your indifference to the facts of pain !

Not against war,  
But against wrong,  
League we in mighty bonds from sea to sea !  
Peace, when the world is free !  
Peace, when there is no thong,  
Fetter nor bar !  
No scourges for men's backs,  
No thumbscrews and no racks —  
For body or soul !  
No unjust law !  
No tyrannous control  
Of brawn or maw !

But, though the day be far,  
Till then, war !

Blow, bugles !  
Over the rumbling drum and marching feet  
Sound your high, sweet defiance to the air !  
Great is war — great and fair !  
The terrors of his face are grand and sweet,  
And to the wise the calm of God is there.  
God clothes himself in darkness as in light,  
— The God of love, but still the God of might.  
Nor love they least  
Who strike with right good will  
To vanquish ill  
And fight God's battle upward from the beast.

By strife as well as loving — strife,  
The Law of Life, —  
In brute and man the climbing has been done  
And shall be done hereafter. Since man was,  
No upward-climbing cause  
Without the sword has ever yet been won.

Bugles !  
The imperious bugles !  
Still their call  
Soars like an exaltation to the sky.  
They call on men to fall,  
To die, —

Remembered or forgotten, but a part  
Of the great beating of the Nation's heart !  
A call to sacrifice !  
A call to victory !  
Hark, in the Empyrean  
The battle-birds !  
The bugles !

(*Waldron Post, G. A. R., Nyack, N. Y., Memorial Day*  
1898)

### UNMANIFEST DESTINY

To what new fates, my country, far  
And unforeseen of foe or friend,  
Beneath what unexpected star,  
Compelled to what unchosen end,  
  
Across the sea that knows no beach  
The Admiral of Nations guides  
Thy blind obedient keels to reach  
The harbor where thy future rides !  
  
The guns that spoke at Lexington  
Knew not that God was planning then  
The trumpet word of Jefferson  
To bugle forth the rights of men.  
  
To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,  
What was it but despair and shame ?

Who saw behind the cloud the sun ?  
Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had not defeat upon defeat,  
Disaster on disaster come,  
The slave's emancipated feet  
Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds  
To mightier issues than we planned,  
Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,  
My country, serves Its dark command.

I do not know beneath what sky  
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate ;  
I only know it shall be high,  
I only know it shall be great.

*July, 1898*

## AMERICA

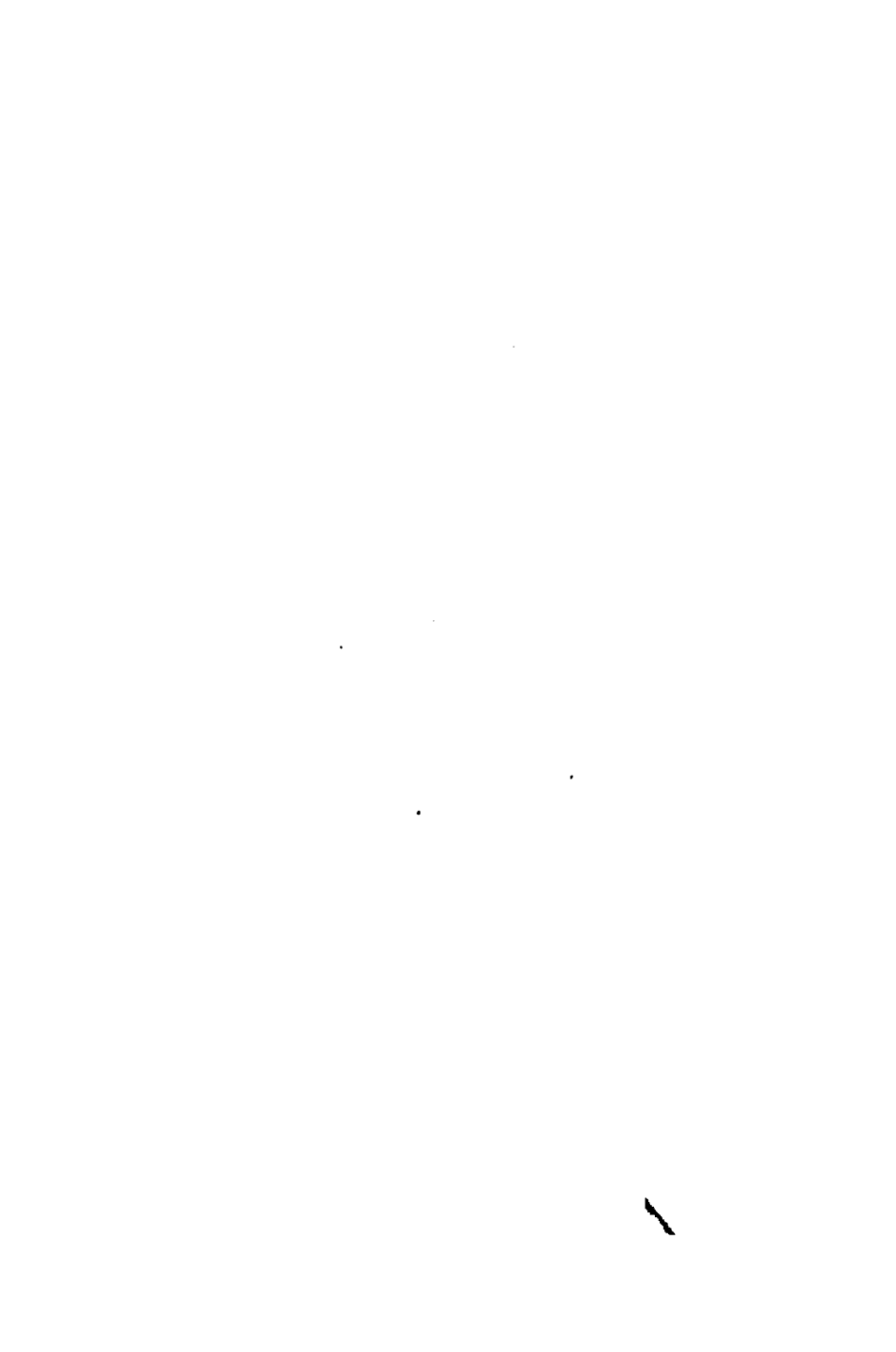
We came to birth in battle ; when we pass,  
It shall be to the thunder of the drums.  
We are not one that weeps and saith *Alas*,  
Nor one that dreams of dim millenniums.  
Our hand is set to this world's business,  
And it must be accomplished workmanly ;  
Be we not stout enough to keep our place,  
What profits it the world that we be free ?

Not with despite for others, but to hold  
Our station in the world inviolate,  
We keep the stomach of the men of old  
Who built in blood the bastions of our fate.

We know not to what goal God's purpose tends;  
We know He works through battle to His ends.

*October, 1898*

## II



## DEAD

AN God ! how strange the rattling in the street  
Comes to me where I lie and the hours pass.  
I watch a beetle crawling up the sheet  
That covers me, and curiously note  
The green and yellow back like mouldy brass,  
And cannot even shudder at the thought  
How soon the loathsome thing will reach my face.

And by such things alone I measure out  
The slow drip of the minutes from Time's eaves.  
For if I think of when I lived, I doubt  
It was but yesterday I brushed the flowers ;  
But when I think of what I am, thought leaves  
The weak mind dizzy in a waste of hours.  
O God, how happy is the man that grieves !

Life ? It was life to look upon her face,  
And it was life to rage when she was gone ;  
But this new horror !— In the market-place  
A form, in all things like me as I moved  
Of old, is marked or hailed of many an one  
That takes it for his friend that lived and loved,—  
And I laugh voicelessly, a laugh of stone.

For here I lie and neither move nor feel,  
And watch that Other pacing up and down  
The room, or pausing at his potter's wheel



To turn out cunning vessels from the clay,  
Vessels that he will hawk about the town,  
And then return to work another day  
Frowning; but I, — I neither smile nor frown.

I see him take his coat down from the peg  
And put it on, and open the white door,  
And brush some bit of cobweb from his leg,  
And look about the room before he goes;  
And then the clock goes ticking as before,  
And I am with him and know all he does,  
And I am here and tell each clock-tick o'er.

And men are praising him for subtle skill;  
And women love him — God alone knows why!  
He can have all the world holds at his will —  
But this, to be a living soul, and this  
No man but I can give him; and I lie  
And make no sign, and care not what he is,  
And hardly know if this indeed be I.

Ah, if she came and bent above me here,  
Who lie with straight bands bound about my  
chin!

Ah, if she came and stood beside this bier  
With aureoles as of old upon her hair  
To light the darkness of this burial bin!  
Should I not rise again and breathe the air  
And feel the veins warm that the blood beats in?

Or should I lie with sinews fixed and shriek  
    As dead men shriek and make no sound? Should I  
See her gray eyes look love and hear her speak,  
And be all impotent to burst my shroud?  
    Will the dead never rise from where they lie?  
Or will they never cease to think so loud?  
    Or is to know and not to be, to die?

1890

### FORGIVEN

“DESPISE me if you will. I have done you wrong,—  
    Most grievous wrong,—but not the wrong you  
    think.  
You deemed me strongest where I was not strong,  
    And martyr where a scratch would make me shrink.  
Nor, false for truth’s sake though I wrest my role,  
    Am I one half so false as I am true;  
And mine own truth has throttled my proud soul  
    And cast it prostrate at the feet of you.  
I am most humble; but my heart cries out  
    For one last grace from you before we part;  
— Though it give pain, to hear my tale throughout  
    And — not forgive — but understand my heart.  
Therefore I bare my soul to you and tell  
    The utter truth, though speaking so I seem  
But a reiterate anguish to compel,  
    That in condemning you may not condemn

You know not what, but me, me, me!" — The whole  
I told then, act and impulse; I kept not  
Aught back that might reveal me to her soul:  
And she forgave, — but understood no jot.  
1893

## LOVE AND CHANGE

### *One Lover*

FOREVER? Ah, too vain to hope, my sweet,  
That love should linger when all else must die!  
No prayer can stay his wings, if he will fly,  
Nor longing lure him back to find our feet,  
Weeping for old disloyalties. The heat  
That glows in the uplifting of thine eye,  
Dims and grows cold ere yet the day pass by;  
Nor ever will the dusk of love repeat  
The dawn's pearl-rapture. Ay, it is the doom  
Of love that it must watch its own decay.  
Petal by petal from the voluptuous bloom  
Drops withering, till the last is blown away.  
The night mists rise and shroud the bier of day,  
And we are left lamenting in the gloom.

### *Another Lover*

"Love is eternal," sang I long ago  
Of some light love that lasted for a day;  
But when that whim of hearts was puffed away,  
And other loves that following made as though

They were the very deathless, lost the glow  
Youth mimics the divine with, and grew gray,  
I said, "It is a dream, — no love will stay."  
Angels have taught me wisdom; now I know,  
Though lesser loves, and greater loves, may cease,  
Love still endures, knocking at myriad gates  
Of beauty, — dawns and call of woodland birds,  
Stars, winds, and waters, lilt of luted words  
And worshipped women, — till it finds its peace  
In the abyss where Godhead loves and waits.

*A Third Lover*      77

My love for you dies many times a year,  
And a new love is monarch in his place.  
Love must grow weary of the fairest face;  
The fondest heart must fail to hold him near.  
For love is born of wonder, kin to fear —  
Things grown familiar lose the sweet amaze;  
Grown to their measure, love must turn his gaze  
To some new splendor, some diviner sphere.  
But in the blue night of your endless soul  
New stars globe ever as the old are scanned;  
Goal where love will, you reach a farther goal,  
And the new love is ever love of you.  
Love needs a thousand loves, forever new,  
And finds them — in the hollow of your hand.

1897

## LAUNCELOT AND GAWAINE

TWO women loved a poet. One was dark,  
Luxuriant with the beauty of the south,  
A heart of fire — and this one he forsook.  
The other slender, tall, with wide gray eyes,  
Who loved him with a still intensity  
That made her heart a shrine — to her he clave,  
And he was faithful to her to the end.  
And when the poet died, a song was found  
Which he had writ, of Launcelot and Gawaine;  
And when the women read it, one cried out:  
“ Where got he Launcelot? Gawaine I know —  
He drew that picture from a looking-glass —  
Sleek, lying, treacherous, golden-tongued Gawaine ! ”  
The other, smiling, murmured “ Launcelot ! ”

1888

## MY LADY'S SOUL *m.*

LIKE some enchanted dweller in the deep,  
I swim among the grottoes of your soul.  
Far, far away the cliffs rise rough and steep;  
Far, far above the ruffling billows roll.  
Here a new world, unseen of any eye  
But mine, unfolds its unfamiliar blooms  
In opal calms unuttered to the sky  
And tremulous light of phosphorescent glooms.

And if my soul revisit the raw day,  
For joy of all that secret beauty blind,  
I, merman-like, have little care to stay  
In the thin air, but plunge again to find  
    Those deeps unvisited from which I came,  
    Whose simplest wonders have not yet a name.

1895

### AFTER BUSINESS HOURS *M.*

WHEN I sit down with thee at last alone,  
    Shut out the wrangle of the clashing day,  
    The scrape of petty jars that fret and fray,  
    The snarl and yelp of brute beasts for a bone;  
When thou and I sit down at last alone,  
    And through the dusk of rooms divinely gray  
    Spirit to spirit finds its voiceless way,  
    As tone melts meeting in accordant tone, —  
Oh, then our souls, far in the vast of sky,  
    Look from a tower, too high for sound of strife  
    Or any violation of the town,  
Where the great vacant winds of God go by,  
    And over the huge misshapen city of life  
    Love pours his silence and his moonlight down.

1898

THE THOUGHT OF HER *m.*

My love for thee doth take me unaware,  
When most with lesser things my brain is wrought,  
As in some nimble interchange of thought  
The silence enters, and the talkers stare.  
Suddenly I am still and thou art there,  
A viewless visitant and unbesought,  
And all my thinking trembles into nought  
And all my being opens like a prayer.  
Thou art the lifted Chalice in my soul,  
And I a dim church at the thought of thee ;  
Brief be the moment, but the mass is said,  
The benediction like an aureole  
Is on my spirit, and shuddering through me  
A rapture like the rapture of the dead.

1898

LOVE IN THE WINDS *m.*

WHEN I am standing on a mountain crest,  
Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,  
My love of you leaps foaming in my breast,  
Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their foray ;  
My heart bounds with the horses of the sea,  
And plunges in the wild ride of the night,  
Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large glee  
That rides out Fate and welcomes gods to fight.  
Ho, love, I laugh aloud for love of you,

Glad that our love is fellow to rough weather, —  
No fretful orchid hothoused from the dew,  
But hale and hardy as the highland heather,  
    Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,  
    Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.

1898

## TWO AND FATE *W.*

THE ship we ride the world in sniffs the storm,  
And throws its head up to the hurricane,  
Quivering like a war-horse when ranks form  
With scream of bugles and the shout of men,  
Neighs to the challenge of the thunderbolt,  
And charges in the squadrons of the surge,  
Sabring its way with fury of revolt  
And lashed with exaltation as a scourge!  
Who would not rather founder in the fight  
Than not have known the glory of the fray?  
Ay, to go down in armor and in might,  
With our last breath to dominate dismay,  
    To sink amid the mad sea's clashing spears  
    And with the cry of bugles in our ears!

1898

## FAITH AND FATE *M.*

To horse, my dear, and out into the night!  
Stirrup and saddle and away, away!  
Into the darkness, into the affright,



Into the unknown on our trackless way!  
Past bridge and town missiled with flying feet,  
Into the wilderness our riding thrills;  
The gallop echoes through the startled street,  
And shrieks like laughter in the demoned hills;  
Things come to meet us with fantastic frown,  
And hurry past with maniac despair;  
Death from the stars looks ominously down —  
Ho, ho, the dauntless riding that we dare!  
    East, to the dawn, or west or south or north!  
    Loose rein upon the neck of Fate — and forth!

1898

## CHANSONS DE ROSEMONDE

### I

THE dawn is lonely for the sun,  
    And chill and drear;  
The one lone star is pale and wan  
    As one in fear.  
But when day strides across the hills,  
    The warm blood rushes through  
    The bared soft bosom of the blue  
And all the glad east thrills.  
  
Oh, come, my King! The hounds of joy  
    Are waiting for thy horn

To chase the doe of heart's desire  
    Across the heights of morn.  
Oh, come, my Sun, and let me know  
    The rapture of the day!  
Oh, come, my love ! Oh, come, my love !  
    Thou art so long away !

## II

Love, hold me close to thee —  
    And kiss me — so —  
Dear ! . . . The green leaves above  
    Blur in the blue ;  
The ground reels like a sea ! . . .  
    I know, I know  
There is but now for love  
    Between us two.

Death like a wizard holds  
    Me with his eye ;  
I cannot strive nor start,  
    To break the spell ! . . .  
Night smothers in her folds  
    My passing cry ! . . .  
But hold me to thy heart  
    And all is well.

Ah, what if heaven should be  
A dream like this,  
— Too glad to move,  
Too still to laugh or weep,  
So thou stand over me,  
Bend down and kiss  
My lips once — love —  
And let me fall asleep !

1894

### A WANDERER

*(Reminiscence of an old Scotch song)*

EAST and west and north and south  
I range o'er land and sea ;  
And I bear dead kisses on my mouth,  
And dead love wearies me.  
I am caught up as a feather  
That the winds toss to and fro.  
Since we dwell not together,  
What care I where I go ?

North and south and east and west  
I drift on alien tides ;  
The one place where I may not rest  
Is that where she abides.

So on through wind and weather!  
Afar o'er land and sea!  
If we be not together  
What matter where we be?

1890

### THE LOVE OF A BOY — YESTERDAY

No lips nor lutes can let thee know  
The joy that lightens through my woe, —  
But look in thine own heart, and so  
I shall not need to tell thee, love.

Lady of the winsome smile!  
Lovesome lady! Gentle lady!  
If my heart had any guile,  
Thou wouldst make me truthful, love.

Though bitter be our luckless lot,  
It were more sad if love were not —  
And all the rest may be forgot,  
But thou wilt not forget me, love —

Lady of the faithful heart!  
Loving lady! Loyal lady!  
Were I noble as thou art,  
No king's sword need knight me, love.

Were I myself a mighty king  
With thousands at my beckoning,

My power were but a little thing  
To do thee worthy honor, love.  
Lady in whose life I live!  
Fearless lady! Peerless lady!  
If the stars were mine to give  
They should be thy necklace, love.

1889

### THE LOVE OF A BOY — TO-DAY

HEIGH-HO! my thoughts are far away;  
For wine or books I have no care;  
I like to think upon the way  
She has of looking very fair.  
Oh, work is nought, and play is nought,  
And all the livelong day is nought;  
There's nothing much I care to learn  
But what her lovely lips have taught.

The campus cannot tempt me out,  
The classics cannot keep me in;  
The only place I care about  
Is where perchance she may have been.  
Oh, work is nought, and play is nought,  
And all the livelong day is nought;  
There's nothing much I care to find  
Except the way she would be sought.

The train across the valley screams,  
And like a hawk sweeps out of sight;  
It bears me to her in my dreams  
By day and night, by day and night.  
    Oh, work is nought, and play is nought,  
    And all the livelong day is nought;  
    There 's nothing much I care to be,  
    If I be only in her thought.

1897

### AN OFF-SHORE VILLANELLE

OVER the dun depths where the white shark swims,  
Waiting his fated prey with hungry eyes,  
Swiftly the light skiff skims.  
  
The laughing skipper trims  
Seaward his course. What recks he that it lies  
Over the dun depths where the white shark swims?  
  
He shouts for glee in the mad wind's teeth. Fast dims  
The land to a low long cloud-line in the skies.  
Swiftly the light skiff skims,  
  
Brushing the foaming brims  
Of the wave-beakers as in mirth it flies  
Over the dun depths where the white shark swims.  
  
What brings the white girl there, about whose limbs  
The wet skirts cling, as stormward, petrel-wise,  
Swiftly the light skiff skims?

The strong sea-devils wreak their cruel whims  
In vain. Who heeds the hatred of their cries?  
Swiftly the light skiff skims  
Over the dun depths where the white shark swims.

1888

## TO LESBIA

*(From the Latin of Catullus)*

LIVE we, Lesbia, and love !  
What though the greybeards disapprove !  
Let them wag their toothless jaws !  
Who cares a copper for their saws ?

Suns may set and suns may rise,  
But when the light of life once dies,  
Night that knows not any dawn  
Brings eternal slumber on.

Kisses, kisses, I implore —  
A hundred more ! a thousand more !  
Another thousand — ah, too fleet ! —  
A hundred ! — thousand ! — hundred, sweet !

Let the thousands throng and cumber !  
Crush them, crowd them past all number,  
Lest some enchanter blight our blisses,  
Knowing the number of our kisses.

1888

NOCTURNE *M.*

WHITE, white I remember her —  
White from her forehead to her feet.  
The moonlight falling through the pane  
Was not so white, was not so sweet.

She was a pool of moonlight there  
Between the window and the wall,  
And the slow minutes bathed in her  
And went away beyond recall.

1898

THE TWO LOVERS

THE lover of her body said :  
" She is more beautiful than night, —  
But like the kisses of the dead  
Is my despair, and my delight."

The lover of her soul replied :  
" She is more wonderful than death, —  
But bitter as the aching tide  
Is all the speech of love she saith."

The lover of her body said :  
" To know one secret of her heart,  
For all the joy that I have had,  
Is past the reach of all my art."



The lover of her soul replied:

“The secrets of her heart are mine, —  
Save how she lives, a riven bride,  
Between the dust and the divine.”

The lover of her body sware:

“Though she should hate me, wit you well,  
Rather than yield one kiss of her  
I give my soul to burn in hell.”

The lover of her soul cried out:

“Rather than leave her to your greed,  
I would that I were walled about  
With death, — and death were death indeed ! ”

The lover of her body wept,

And got no good of all his gain,  
Knowing that in her heart she kept  
The penance of the other's pain.

The lover of her soul went mad,

But when he did himself to death,  
Despite of all the woe he had,  
He smiled as one who vanquisheth.

1898

## APPARITION 11

*(From the French of Mallarmé)*

THE moon grew sad in heaven. In tears the seraphim,  
A-dream with bow in fingers, in the calm of dim

Mists of unbodied flowers, from dying viols drew  
The glide of white sobs over the corollas blue  
— It was the day thy first kiss hallowed and made dumb.  
My musing that delights to bring me martyrdom,  
Grew wisely drunken with that sad scent of things reft  
That, though without regret or aftertaste, is left,  
Culling a dream, in him whose heart has culled the  
dream.

So strayed I on, with eyes on the worn walk a-gleam,  
Where in the street and in the evening, out o' the air  
Thou cam'st to me, all laughters, sunlight in thy hair.  
And I believed I saw the fay with hat of gold  
Who o'er spoiled childhood's slumber beautiful, of old  
Passed, letting ever from her loosely closing hands  
White clusters snow of stars, with odors of far lands.

1895

### SUMMER SADNESS 29

*(From the French of Mallarmé)*

THE sunlight on the sands, fair struggler fallen asleep,  
Makes warm a bath of languors in your golden hair,  
And, burning away the angry incense that you weep,  
Mingles a wanton drink of longings in the air.

Immutable in calm, the white flamboyant day  
Has made you sigh (alas, my kisses full of qualms !)  
“ No, we shall never be one mummy, swathed for aye  
Under the ancient desert and the happy palms.”

This incubus of soul we suffer, in the river  
Of your warm hair might plunge and drown without a  
    shiver,  
And find that Nothingness that you know nothing of.  
    And I would taste those tears of rouge beneath  
        your eyes,  
To see if they can give the heart you smote with love  
    The insensibility of stones and summer skies.

1895

### SONNET <sup>4th</sup>

*(From the French of Mallarmé)*

SPRUNG from the vase's bulge and leap  
    Of fragile glass, the neck in gloom  
    Fades out nor decks with any bloom  
The bitter vigil that I keep.

Oh, I am sure that no lips e'er  
    (Nay not her lover's nor my mother's)  
    Have drunk the same dream as another's,  
I, — sylph of the cold ceiling there !

The virgin chalice of no wine  
    But an exhaustless widowhood, —  
    It suffers, but is not subdued  
(Oh, kiss naïve and saturnine !)  
    To breathe forth aught that might disclose  
    Within the shadows any rose.

1895

## SONNET 40

*(From the French of Mallarmé)*

BALMY with years, what silken ply,  
Whereo'er the fancy pines and pales,  
Is worth the tangled native veils  
That in your mirror I descry?

Uplifted in the avenue,  
The tattered banners droop and dream ;  
For me your naked tresses stream,  
To drown my eyes in, glad of you.

No, never will the lips be sure  
Of any taste in aught they take  
Unless your princely lover make,  
Amid that clustered cynosure,  
Die, as a diamond might die,  
The Glories and their smothered cry.

1895

## HERODIAS 41

*(From the French of Mallarmé)*

### HERODIAS

AY, for myself, myself I flower forlorn !  
You amethystine gardens buried deep  
In wise abysses dim and bottomless,  
You understand ; and you, neglected gold,

Keeping your ancient glory unprofaned  
Under the dark sleep of primeval earth ;  
You, stones wherefrom mine eyes, like limpid gems,  
Borrow their blaze melodious ; and you,  
Metals that give the tresses of my youth  
A deadly splendor in their massive fall !

• As for thee, woman born in centuries  
Malign for the iniquities that lurk  
In caverns Sibylline, — thou who darest to speak  
Of one for whom, a mortal, shall from the cup  
Of my slipped robes, aroma savage-sweet,  
Rise the white shudder of my nakedness, —  
Foretell that if the warm blue summer sky  
That woman natively unveils before,  
See me in my star-shivering shamefastness,  
I die !

The horror of virginity  
Delights me ; I would live, amid the fright  
The touch of mine own hair can make me know,  
To feel, at eve, within my couch withdrawn,  
Inviolat reptile, in the useless flesh  
Cold scintillation of thy pallid light,  
Thou dying, thou consumed with chastity,  
White night of icicles and cruel snow !

And thy lone sister, O my sister aye,  
My dream shall rise to thee ; even now so clear,

So wondrous clear the heart that dreamed it so,  
I seem alone in my lone native land,  
With all about me in idolatry,  
Before a glass whose sleeping calm reflects  
Herodias, with clear look of diamond . . .  
Oh, last charm . . . yes . . . I feel it, I am alone.

NURSE

You will die, lady?

HERODIAS

No, good grandam, no.  
Be calm and leave me; pardon this hard heart.  
First close the shutters, if you will. The sky  
Smiles like a seraph in the pane's profound,  
And I detest the beautiful sky.

The waves  
Cradle themselves, and, yonder, know you not  
A country where the inauspicious heaven  
Shows Venus' hated aspects, who to-night  
Burns in the leafage? Thither will I go.  
Light again — call it child's play if you will —  
Those tapers where the wax at the light flame  
Weeps in the idle gold an alien tear,  
And. . . .

NURSE

Now?

HERODIAS

Farewell.

*[Exit Nurse.]*

You lie, O naked flower

Of my lips !

I await a thing unknown !

Heedless, perhaps, of the mystery and your cries,  
Though you fling out the supreme murdered sobs  
Of maidenhood that feels amid its dreams  
Its chill gems part at last.

1894

### **III**





## COMRADES

*(Read at the Sixtieth Annual Convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., May 18, 1893)*

AGAIN among the hills !  
The shaggy hills !  
The clear arousing air comes like a call  
Of bugle notes across the pines, and thrills  
My heart as if a hero had just spoken.  
Again among the hills !  
The jubilant unbroken  
Long dreaming of the hills !  
Far off, Ascutney smiles as one at peace;  
And over all  
The golden sunlight pours and fills  
The hollow of the earth, like a God's joy.  
Again among the hills !  
The tranquil hills  
That took me as a boy  
And filled my spirit with the silences !

O indolent, far-reaching hills, that lie  
Secure in your own strength, and take your ease  
Like careless giants 'neath the summer sky —  
What is it to you, O hills,  
That anxious men should take thought for the morrow ?  
What has your might to do with thought or sorrow  
Or cark and cumber of conflicting wills ?

Lone Pine, that thron'st thyself upon the height,  
Aloof and kingly, overlooking all,  
Yet unaccompanied, with the Day and Night  
For pageant and the winds for festival!  
I was thy minion once, and now renew  
Mine ancient fealty —  
To that which shaped me still remaining true,  
And through allegiance only growing free.

So with no foreign nor oblivious heart,  
Dartmouth, I seek once more thy granite seat;  
Nor only of thy hills I feel me part,  
But each encounter of the village street,  
The ball-players on the campus, and their shouting,  
The runners lithe and fleet,  
The noisy groups of idlers, and the songs,  
The laughter and the flouting —  
Spectacled comic unrelated beings  
With book in hand,  
Who 'mid all stir of life, all whirl of rhythms,  
All strivings, lovings, kissings, dreamings, *seeings*,  
Still live apart in some strange land  
Of aorists and ohms and logarithms —  
All these are mine; I greet them with a shout.  
Whether they will or no, they greet me too.  
Grave teachers and the students' jocund rout,  
Class-room and tennis court, alike they knew  
My step once, and they cannot shut me out.

But dearer than the silence of the hills,  
And greater than the wisdom of the years,  
Is man to man, indifferent of ills,  
Triumphant over fears,  
To meet the world with loyal hearts that need  
No witness of their friendship but the deed.  
Such comrades they, the gallant Musketeers,  
Wrought by the master-workman of Romance,  
Who foiled the crafty Cardinal and saved  
A Queen, for episode, — who braved  
The utmost malice of mischance,  
The utmost enmity of human foes,  
But still rode on across the fields of France,  
Reckless of knocks and blows,  
Careless of sins or woes,  
Incurious of each other's hearts, but sure  
That each for each would vanquish or endure.

Praise be to you, O hills, that you can breathe  
Into our souls the secret of your power !  
He is no child of yours, he never knew  
Your spirit — were he born beneath  
Your highest crags — who bears not every hour  
The might, the calm of you  
About him, that sublime  
Unconsciousness of all things great, —  
Built on himself to stand the shocks of Time  
And scarred not shaken by the bolts of Fate.

And praise to thee, my college, that the lore  
Of ages may be pondered at thy feet!  
That for thy sons each sage and seer of yore  
His runes may still repeat!  
Praise that thou givest to us understanding  
To wring from the world's heart  
New answers to new doubts — to make the landing  
On shores that have no chart!  
Praise for the glory of knowing,  
And greater glory of the power to know!  
Praise for the faith that doubts would overthrow,  
And which through doubts to larger faith is growing!  
The sons of science are a wrangling throng,  
Yet through their labor what the sons of song  
Have wrought in clay, at last  
In the bronze is cast,  
And wind and rain no more can work it wrong.

But more than strength and more than truth  
Oh praise the love of man and man!  
Praise it for pledge of our eternal youth!  
Praise it for pulse of that great gush that ran  
Through all the worlds, when He  
Who made them clapped his hands for glee,  
And laughed Love down the cycles of the stars.  
Praise all that plants it in the hearts of men,  
All that protects it from the hoof that mars,

The weed that stifles ; praise the rain  
That rains upon it and the sun that shines,  
Till it stretch skyward with its laden vines !

Praise, then, for thee, Psi Upsilon !  
And never shame if it be said  
Thou carest little for the head,  
All for the heart ; for this is thy desire.  
Not for the social grace thou mayst impart,  
Not for the love of letters or of art,  
Albeit thou lovest them, burns thy sacred fire.  
Not to add one more whip to those that drive  
Men onward in the struggle to survive,  
Not to spur weary brain and tired eyes on  
To toil for prizes, not, Psi Upsilon,  
To be an annex to collegiate chairs  
Or make their lapses good !  
Make thou no claim of use  
For poor excuse  
Why thou shouldst climb thy holier stairs  
Toward ends by plodders dimly understood.  
No, for the love of comrades only, thou !  
The college is the head and thou the heart.  
Keep thou thy nobler part,  
And wear the Bacchic ivy on thy brow.

*Comrades, pour the wine to-night,  
For the parting is with dawn.*

*Oh, the clink of cups together,  
With the daylight coming on!  
Greet the morn  
With a double horn,  
When strong men drink together!*

*Comrades, gird your swords to-night,  
For the battle is with dawn.  
Oh, the clash of shields together,  
With the triumph coming on!  
Greet the foe  
And lay him low,  
When strong men fight together.*

*Comrades, watch the tides to-night,  
For the sailing is with dawn.  
Oh, to face the spray together,  
With the tempest coming on!  
Greet the Sea  
With a shout of glee,  
When strong men roam together.*

*Comrades, give a cheer to-night,  
For the dying is with dawn.  
Oh, to meet the stars together,  
With the silence coming on!  
Greet the end  
As a friend a friend,  
When strong men die together.*

— Hark, afar

The rising of the wind among the pines,  
The runic wind, full of old legendries !  
It talks to the ancient trees  
Of sights and signs  
And strange earth-creatures strong to make or mar, —  
Such tales as when the firelight flickered out  
In the old days men heard and had no doubt.  
O wind, what is your spell ?  
Borne on your cry, the ages slip away,  
And lo, I too am of that elder day;  
I crouch by the logs and hear  
With credent ear  
And simple marvel the far tales men tell.

There came three women to a youth, and one  
Was brown and old, and like the bark of trees  
Her wrinkled skin was rough to look upon ;  
And one was tall and stately, and her brow  
Broad with large thought and many masteries,  
Yet bent a little as who saith " I trow ; "  
The third was like a breath of morning blown  
Across the hills in May, so blithe, so fair,  
With brave blue eyes, and on her yellow hair  
A glory by the yellow sunlight thrown.

*And the youth's heart flamed as a crackling fire,  
For his eyes were full of his heart's desire.*



And the old crone said to him, "Come,  
For I will give thee Power."  
And the tall dame said to him, "Come,  
I will give thee Wisdom and Craft."  
And the maid of the morning said to him, "Come,  
And I will give thee Love."

*And the youth was still as a burnt-out fire,  
For he knew not which was his heart's desire.*

Then spake the maid again ;  
"Oh, folly of men !  
What thing is this whereat he starts and muses?  
Not twice the Dames of Birth  
Bring gifts for mirth.  
Choose, if thou wilt ; but he that chooses, loses."

. . . Night on the hills !  
And the ancient stars emerge.  
The silence of their mighty distances  
Compels the world to peace. Now sinks the surge  
Of life to a soft stir of mountain rills,  
And over the swarm and urge  
Of eager men sleep falls and darkling ease.

Night on the hills !  
Dark mother-Night, draw near ;  
Lay hands on us and whisper words of cheer  
So softly, oh, so softly ! Now may we

Be each as one that leaves his midnight task  
And throws his casement open ; and the air  
Comes up across the lowlands from the Sea  
And cools his temples, as a maid might ask  
With shy caress what speech would never dare ;  
And he leans back to her demure desires,  
And as a dream sees far below  
The city with its lights aglow  
And blesses in his heart his brothers there ;  
Then toward the eternal stars again aspires.

1893

### ONE LEAF MORE

*(Read at the Dinner given by the Psi Upsilon Association of  
Washington, February 7, 1893, to Joseph R. Hawley, on  
the occasion of his re-election to the United States Senate)*

SIR, I would do you honor in some way  
If my poor hand could lay a laurel more  
On brows already thick with martial bay  
And ivy evergreen, the scholar's store,  
And civic oak new-garlanded to-day  
To bind afresh where oft were bound before  
Its fronds forensic and are bound for aye.

But you need not a poet's voice to tell  
The people who have honored you so long

Why they should love you whom they know so well.  
Still less does any here require my song  
That he should praise you whom our hearts impel  
To hail with homage, heartfelt, deep, and strong,  
To which my speech is but a tinkling bell.

Still let me praise you, though more fame accrue  
To me than you by praising. Praise is more  
For him that gives than him to whom 't is due.  
He that receives it has a bounteous store  
And needs it not. Who gives, grows just and true  
By speaking justly. You are as before,  
But we are better that we honor you.

1893

## SPRING

*(Read at the Sixty-third Annual Convention of the Psi Upsilon  
Fraternity at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.,  
May 7, 1896)*

I SAID in my heart, "I am sick of four walls and a  
ceiling.  
I have need of the sky.  
I have business with the grass.  
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,  
Lone and high,  
And the slow clouds go by.  
I will get me away to the waters that glass  
The clouds as they pass,

To the waters that lie  
Like the heart of a maiden aware of a doom drawing  
nigh  
And dumb for sorcery of impending joy.  
I will get me away to the woods.  
Spring, like a huntsman's boy,  
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods  
The falcon in my will.  
The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill  
That breaks in apple blooms down country roads  
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me away.  
The sap is in the boles to-day,  
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and goads."

When I got to the woods, I found out  
What the Spring was about,  
With her gypsy ways  
And her heart ablaze,  
Coming up from the south  
With the wander-lure of witch songs in her mouth.  
For the sky  
Stirred and grew soft and swimming as a lover's eye  
As she went by ;  
The air  
Made love to all it touched, as if its care  
Were all to spare ;  
The earth  
Prickled with lust of birth ;

The woodland streams  
Babbled the incoherence of the thousand dreams  
Wherewith the warm sun teems.  
And out of the frieze  
Of the chestnut trees  
I heard  
The sky and the fields and the thicket find voice in a  
bird.  
The goldenwing — hark !  
How he drives his song  
Like a golden nail  
Through the hush of the air !  
I thrill to his cry in the leafage there ;  
I respond to the new life mounting under the bark.  
I shall not be long  
To follow  
With eft and bulrush, bee and bud and swallow,  
On the old trail.

Spring in the world !  
And all things are made new !  
There was never a mote that whirled  
In the nebular morn,  
There was never a brook that purled  
When the hills were born,  
There was never a leaf uncurled —  
Not the first that grew —  
Nor a bee-flight hurled,

Nor a bird-note skirled,  
Nor a cloud-wisp swirled  
In the depth of the blue,  
More alive and afresh and impromptu, more thought-  
less and certain and free,  
More a-shout with the glee  
Of the Unknown new-burst on the wonder, than here,  
than here,  
In the re-wrought sphere  
Of the new-born year —  
Now, now,  
When the greenlet sings on the red-bud bough  
Where the blossoms are whispering “I and thou,” —  
“I and thou,”  
And a lass at the turn looks after her lad with a dawn  
on her brow,  
And the world is just made — now !

Spring in the heart !  
With her pinks and pearls and yellows !  
Spring, fellows,  
And we too feel the little green leaves a-start  
Across the bare-twigged winter of the mart.  
The campus is reborn in us to-day ;  
The old grip stirs our hearts with new-old joy ;  
Again bursts bonds for madcap holiday  
The eternal boy.

For we have not come here for long debate  
Nor taking counsel for our household order,  
Howe'er we make a feint of serious things, —  
For all the world as in affairs of state  
A word goes out for war along the border  
To further or defeat the loves of kings.  
We put our house to rights from year to year,  
But that is not the call that brings us here ;  
We have come here to be glad.

*Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime  
For a life that knows no fear !  
Turn night-time into daytime  
With the sunlight of good cheer !  
For it's always fair weather  
When good fellows get together  
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing  
clear.*

*When the wind comes up from Cuba  
And the birds are on the wing,  
And our hearts are patting juba  
To the banjo of the spring,  
Then there 's no wonder whether  
The boys will get together,  
With a stein on the table and a cheer for everything.*

*For we're all frank-and-twenty  
When the spring is in the air,*

*And we've faith and hope a-plenty,  
And we've life and love to spare;  
And it's birds of a feather  
When we all get together,  
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.*

*For we know the world is glorious  
And the goal a golden thing,  
And that God is not censorious  
When his children have their fling;  
And life slips its tether  
When the boys get together,  
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.*

A road runs east and a road runs west  
From the table where we sing;  
And the lure of the one is a roving quest,  
And the lure of the other a lotus dream.  
And the eastward road leads into the West  
Of the lifelong chase of the vanishing gleam;  
And the westward road leads into the East,  
Where the spirit from striving is released,  
Where the soul like a child in God's arms lies  
And forgets the lure of the butterflies.  
And west is east, if you follow the trail to the end;  
And east is west, if you follow the trail to the end;  
And the East and the West in the spring of the  
world shall blend  
As a man and a woman that plight



Their troth in the warm spring night.  
And the spring for the East is the sap in the heart of  
a tree ;  
And the spring for the West is the will in the wings  
of a bird ;  
But the spring for the East and the West alike shall be  
An urge in their bones and an ache in their spirit, a  
word  
That shall knit them in one for Time's foison, once  
they have heard.

And do I not hear  
The first low stirring of that greater spring  
Thrill in the underworld of the cosmic year?  
The wafture of scant violets presaging  
The roses and the tasselled corn to be ;  
A yearning in the roots of grass and tree ;  
A swallow in the eaves ;  
The hint of coming leaves ;  
The signals of the summer coming up from Arcadie !

For surely in the blind deep-buried roots  
Of all men's souls to-day  
A secret quiver shoots.  
An underground compulsion of new birth  
Lays hold upon the dark core of our being,  
And unborn blossoms urge their uncomprehended way  
Toward the outer day.  
Unconscious, dumb, unseeing,

The darkness in us is aware  
Of something potent burning through the earth,  
Of something vital in the procreant air.

Is it a spring, indeed ?  
Or do we stir and mutter in our dreams,  
Only to sleep again ?  
What warrant have we that we give not heed  
To the caprices of an idle brain  
That in its slumber deems  
The world of slumber real as it seems ?

No, —

Spring 's not to be mistaken.  
When her first far flute notes blow  
Across the snow,  
Bird, beast, and blossom know  
That she is there.  
The very bats awaken  
That hang in clusters in Kentucky caves  
All winter, breathless, motionless, asleep,  
And feel no alteration of the air,  
For all year long those vasty caverns keep,  
Winter and summer, even temperature ;  
And yet when April whistles on the hill,  
Somehow, far in those subterranean naves,  
They know, they hear her, they obey her will,  
And wake and circle through the vaulted aisles  
To find her in the open where she smiles.

So we are somehow sure,  
By this dumb turmoil in the soul of man,  
Of an impending something. When the stress  
Climbs to fruition, we can only guess  
What many-seeded harvest we shall scan;  
But from one impulse, like a northering sun,  
The innumerable outburst is begun,  
And in that common sunlight all men know  
A common ecstasy  
And feel themselves at one.  
The comradeship of joy and mystery  
Thrills us more vitally as we arouse,  
And we shall find our new day intimate  
Beyond the guess of any long ago.  
Doubting or elate,  
With agony or triumph on our brows,  
We shall not fail to be  
Better comrades than before ;  
For no new sense puts forth in us but we  
Enter our fellows' lives thereby the more.

And three great spirits with the spirit of man  
Go forth to do his bidding. One is free,  
And one is shackled, and the third, unbound,  
Halts yet a little with a broken chain  
Of antique workmanship, not wholly loosed,  
That dangles and impedes his forthright way.  
Unfettered, swift, hawk-eyed, implacable,

The wonder-worker, Science, with his wand,  
Subdues an alien world to man's desires.  
And Art with wide imaginative wings  
Stands by, alert for flight, to bear his lord  
Into the strange heart of that alien world  
Till he shall live in it as in himself  
And know its longing as he knows his own.  
Behind a little, where the shadows fall,  
Lingers Religion with deep-brooding eyes,  
Serene, impenetrable, transpicuous  
As the all-clear and all-mysterious sky,  
Biding her time to fuse into one act  
Those other twain, man's right hand and his left.

For all the bonds shall be broken and rent in sunder,  
And the soul of man go free  
Forth with those three  
Into the lands of wonder ;  
Like some undaunted youth,  
Afield in quest of truth,  
Rejoicing in the road he journeys on  
As much as in the hope of journey done.  
And the road runs east, and the road runs west,  
That his vagrant feet explore ;  
And he knows no haste and he knows no rest,  
And every mile has a stranger zest  
Than the miles he trod before ;  
And his heart leaps high in the nascent year

When he sees the purple buds appear ;  
For he knows, though the great black frost may blight  
The hope of May in a single night,  
That the spring, though it shrink back under the bark,  
But bides its time somewhere in the dark —  
Though it come not now to its blossoming,  
By the thrill in his heart he knows the spring ;  
And the promise it makes perchance too soon,  
It shall keep with its roses yet in June ;  
For the ages fret not over a day,  
And the greater to-morrow is on its way.

1896

## MEN OF DARTMOUTH

MEN of Dartmouth, give a rouse  
For the college on the hill !  
For the Lone Pine above her  
And the loyal men who love her, —  
Give a rouse, give a rouse, with a will !  
For the sons of old Dartmouth,  
The sturdy sons of Dartmouth —  
Though round the girdled earth they roam,  
Her spell on them remains ;  
They have the still North in their hearts,  
The hill-winds in their veins,  
And the granite of New Hampshire  
In their muscles and their brains.

They were mighty men of old  
That she nurtured at her side,  
Till like Vikings they went forth  
From the lone and silent North, —  
And they strove, and they wrought, and they died.

But — the sons of old Dartmouth,  
The laurelled sons of Dartmouth —  
The mother keeps them in her heart  
And guards their altar-flame;  
The still North remembers them,  
The hill-winds know their name,  
And the granite of New Hampshire  
Keeps the record of their fame.

Men of Dartmouth, set a watch  
Lest the old traditions fail!  
Stand as brother stands by brother!  
Dare a deed for the old Mother!  
Greet the world, from the hills, with a hail!

For the sons of old Dartmouth,  
The loyal sons of Dartmouth —  
Around the world they keep for her  
Their old chivalric faith;  
They have the still North in their souls,  
The hill-winds in their breath;  
And the granite of New Hampshire  
Is made part of them till death.

## THE OLD PINE

*(Dartmouth College.)*

It stood upon the hill like some old chief,  
And held communion with the cryptic wind,  
Keeping like some dim, unforgotten grief,  
The memory of tribesmen autumn-skinned,  
Silent and slow as clouds, whose footing passed  
Down the remote trails of oblivion  
Long since into the shadows of the Past.  
Alone, aloof, strong fellow of the sun,  
We chose it for our standard in its prime ;  
Nor, though no longer grimly from its hill  
It fronts the world like Webster, wind nor time  
Have felled its austere ghost. We see it still,  
    In alien lands, resurgent and undying,  
    Flag of our hearts, from sudden ramparts flying.

1895

## IN MEMORIAM

*(A. H. Quint)*

MOURN we who honored him but knew him not ;  
Grieve ye who loved him, looking on his face ;  
Be mindful, Dartmouth, of each strenuous trace  
That keeps his loyal record unforget.

There is no faithlessness in grief, God wot;  
    However high the hope or clear the gaze,  
    There must be tears at every burial-place,  
    Though through the tears the very sky be shot.  
For death is like the passing of a star  
    That melts into the splendor of the dawn.  
Were we beyond this air that blurs our sight  
In the clear ether where the angels are,  
    We should behold it still; but now, withdrawn  
    In sunrise, lose it, looking on the light.

1896

## DARTMOUTH ODE

### I

*Out of the hills came a voice to me,  
Out of the pine woods a cry:*

"THOU hast numbered and named us, O man. Hast  
    thou *known* us at all?  
Thou hast riven our rocks for their secrets, and  
    measured our heights  
As a hillock is measured. But are we revealed?  
    Canst thou call  
Ascutney thy fellow? Or is it thou Kearsarge  
    invites?



What speech have we given thee, measurer — cleaver  
of stones ?

For we talk to the day-star at dawning, the night-  
winds o' nights,  
And our days are a tongue that thou hearest not,  
digger of bones !

“ O you who would know us, come out from the roofs  
you have made,  
And plunge in our waters and breathe the sharp joy  
of the air !

Let the hot sun beat down on your foreheads, lie  
prone in the shade,  
With your hearts to the roots and the mosses, climb  
till you stare  
From the summit that juts like an island up into the  
sky !

Watch the clouds pass by day, and by night let the  
power of Altair  
And Arcturus and Vega be on you to lift you on high !

“ For our heart is not down on the maps, nor our  
magic in books ;  
But the lover that seeks us shall find us, and keep  
in his heart

Every rune of our slow-heaving hillsides, the spaces  
and nooks

Of our woodlands, the sleep of our waters. His  
thoughts shall be part

Of our thoughts, and his ways shall be with us. His  
spirit shall flee  
From the gluttons of fact. He shall dwell, as the  
hills dwell, apart.  
He only that loves us and lives with us, knows what  
we be."

*I hear you, O woods and hills !  
I hearken, O wind of the North !*

## II

Daughter of the woods and hills, Dartmouth, my stern  
Rock-boned and wind-brown sibyl of the snows!  
First in thy praise whom we can never praise  
Enough, I lay my laurel in my turn  
Before thee in thy uplands. No one goes  
Forth from thy granite through the summer days,  
And many a land of apple and of rose,  
Keeping in his heart more faithfully than I  
The love of thy grim hills and northern sky.

Mother of Webster ! Mother of men ! Being great,  
Be greater ; let the honor of thy past,  
For which we sit in festival, elate,  
Be but the portent of thy larger fate,  
The adumbration of a deed more vast.  
With eyes upon the future, thou and we

Shall better celebrate the past we praise,  
And in the pledge of unaccomplished days  
Find a new joy thrill through our pride in thee.

### III

O Dartmouth, nurse of men, I see your games  
To make men strong, your books to make them wise;  
But there is other sight than that of eyes,  
And other strength than that which strikes and maims.  
What hast thou done to purge the passions pure,  
To wake the myriad instincts that lie sleeping  
Within us unaroused and undivined,  
As forests in a hazel-nut endure ;  
To fashion finelier our joy and weeping,  
Inspire us intuitions swift and sure,  
And give us soul as manifold as mind;  
To make us scholars in the lore of feeling,  
And turn the world to beauty and revealing ?

O justly proud of thy first strenuous years !  
Be not content that thou hast nurtured well  
The hardy prowess of thy pioneers.  
Among thy fellows bold, be thou the first,  
Still guarding sacredly the antique well,  
To seek new springs to quench the ages' thirst.  
Take up the axe, O woodman of the soul,  
And break new paths through tangled ignorance ;  
Dare the unknown, till on thy jubilant glance

The prairies of the spirit shall unroll.  
For thou mayest teach us all that thou hast taught,  
Nor slay the earlier instinct of the Faun,  
Whose intimacy with earth and air withdrawn,  
There rests but hearsay knowledge in our thought.  
And thou mayest make us the familiars of  
The woodlands of desire, the crags of fate,  
The lakes of worship and the dells of love,  
Even as the Faun is Nature's intimate.  
For God lacks not his seers, and Art is strong,  
And spirit unto spirit utters speech,  
Nor is there any heaven beyond the reach  
Of them that know the masteries of Song.

#### IV

Oh, the mind and its kingdoms are goodly, and well  
for the brain  
That has craft to discover and cunning to bind to  
its will  
And wisdom to weigh at its worth all the wealth they  
contain.  
But the heart has its empire as well, and he shall  
fare ill  
Who has learned not the way to its meadows. His  
knowledge shall be  
A bitter taste in his heart; he shall spit at his skill;  
And the days of his life shall be sterile and salt as the  
sea.

Ay, save the man's love be made greater, even knowledge shall wane,  
And burn to the mere dry shrivelled mummy of thought,  
As the sweet grass withers and dies if it get not the rain.

But we—oh, what have we done that the heart should be taught?  
We have given men brawn—without love 't is the Brute come again;  
We have given men brain—without love 't is the Fiend. Is there aught  
We have given to greaten the soul, we who dare to shape men?

Oh, train we the body for beauty, and train we the soul  
Not only as mind but as man, not to know but to be!  
Give us masters to fashion our hearts! Let the fool be a mole

And burrow his life out; the wise man shall be as a tree  
That sends down his roots to the mole-world, but laughs in the air  
With his flowers, and his branches shall stretch to the sun to get free;  
And the shepherds and husbandmen feed of the fruit he shall bear.

*125th anniversary of the college, 1894*

## A WINTER THOUGHT OF DARTMOUTH IN MANHATTAN

OLD Mother!

Mother off in the hills, by the banks of the beautiful  
river!

— River lacquered with pale green luminous ice  
Now, and the shouldered ridges ermined with flushed  
white snow —

Our thoughts go back to thee, Mother,  
Straggle up the Connecticut, and by Bellows Falls  
and the Junction,  
Find thee at last on thy hills, and embrace thy knees,  
old Mother.

We do not follow our thoughts upon that journey;  
We have left thee, as men leave mothers,  
Choosing and wedding their wives and cleaving  
thenceforth to them only.

Ah, she is stronger than thou, she who now holds us;  
She that sits by the sea, new-crowned with a five-fold  
tiara;  
She of the great twin harbors, our lady of rivers and  
islands;  
Tower-topped Manhattan,  
With feet reeded round with the masts of the five  
great oceans

Flowering the flags of all nations, flaunting and  
furling, —  
City of ironways, city of ferries,  
Sea-Queen and Earth-Queen!

Look, how the line of her roofs coming down from the  
north  
Breaks into surf-leap of granite — jagged sierras —  
Upheaval volcanic, lined sharp on the violet sky  
Where the red moon, lop-sided, past the full,  
Over their ridge swims in the tide of space,  
And the harbor waves laugh softly, silently.

Look, how the overhead train at the Morningside  
curve  
Loops like a sea-born dragon its sinuous flight,  
Loops in the night in and out, high up in the air,  
Like a serpent of stars with the coil and undulant  
reach of waves.

From under the Bridge at noon  
See from the yonder shore how the great curves rise  
and converge,  
Like the beams of the universe, like the masonry of  
the sky,  
Like the arches set for the corners of the world,  
The foundation-stone of the orbic spheres and spaces.

Is she not fair and terrible, O Mother —  
City of Titan thews, deep-breasted, colossal-limbed,  
Splendid with the spoil of nations, myriad-mooded  
Manhattan?  
Behold, we are hers — she has claimed us ; and who  
has power to withstand her ?

Nevertheless, old Mother, we do not forget thee.  
Thine is the past !  
Thine are the old recollections, the love of the boy-  
hood still in us,  
As the sprout still lives in the bough and remembers  
March in the summer.  
Sword and ploughshare and engine forget not the days  
When the crude ore went to the smelting and the  
hammers rang on thy anvils.

This is a letter we send from ocean-dominion'd  
Manhattan,  
Bearing the love of a boy from the heart of a man,  
Bearing the never-evading remembrance of thee and  
the hills and the river,  
Thornton and Wentworth and Reed and the century-  
hollowed stairways of Dartmouth,  
The old rooms where we laughed and strove and sang,  
Where others now — hark, do I hear them ? —  
Sing in the winter night, while Orion rises and glistens.

*For the Dartmouth Dinner, New York, 1898.*



## OUR LIEGE LADY, DARTMOUTH

UP with the green! Comrades, our Queen  
Over the hill-tops comes to convene  
Liege men all to her muster.  
Easy her chain! Blithe be her reign,  
Queened in our heart's love, never a stain  
Dimming her 'scutcheon's lustre!  
Up with the green! God save our Queen!  
Throned on the hills of her highland demense,  
Royal and beautiful, wise and serene,  
Our Liege Lady, Dartmouth!

Gallant and leal! Truer than steel!  
Loyally gather about her and kneel  
Here at her flag's unfurling.  
Welcome her near cheer upon cheer,  
Shout till the hawk far above us may hear,  
Where the clouds in the sky are curling.  
Starry her fame, Heaven-born dame!  
Cannon and trumpet salute her high name!  
Hear the ranks ring with the royal acclaim:  
Our Liege Lady, Dartmouth!

Laurel and vine, what shall we twine  
Meet for her brow who sits under the pine  
Far from the mad town's jarring?  
Gracious and fair, see in her hair

Jewels her noblest have brought her to wear,  
Won in the world's stern warring !  
Stainless her throne ! Royal and lone !  
Born in the purple the sunsets have thrown  
Over the mountains by God's grace her own,  
Our Liege Lady, Dartmouth !

Hail to the Queen ! Look, where the green  
Folds of her banners about her are seen,  
Flash of her knight's cuirasses !  
True-hearted throng, break into song !  
Rally her cavaliers, faithful and strong !  
Shout as her ensign passes :  
Up with the green ! God save our Queen !  
Throned on the hills of her highland demesne,  
Royal and beautiful, wise and serene,  
Our Liege Lady, Dartmouth !

1891

#### HANOVER WINTER-SONG

Ho, a song by the fire !  
(Pass the pipes, fill the bowl !)  
Ho, a song by the fire !  
— With a skoal ! . . .  
For the wolf wind is whining in the doorways,  
And the snow drifts deep along the road,  
And the ice-gnomes are marching from their Norways,

And the great white cold walks abroad.

(Boo-oo-o ! pass the bowl!)

For here by the fire

We defy frost and storm.

Ha, ha ! we are warm

And we have our hearts' desire ;

For here 's four good fellows

And the beechwood and the bellows,

And the cup is at the lip

In the pledge of fellowship.

Skoal !

*For " Dartmouth Songs," 1898.*

## IV

6

8r



## THE FAUN

*(A Fantasy of the Washington Woodlands.)*

I WILL go out to grass with that old King,  
For I am weary of clothes and cooks.  
I long to paddle with the throats of brooks,  
To lie down with the clover  
Tickling me all over,

✓ And watch the boughs above me sway and swing.  
Come, I will pluck off custom's livery,  
Nor longer be a lackey to old Time.  
Time shall serve me, and at my feet shall fling  
The spoil of listless minutes. I shall climb  
The wild trees for my food, and run  
Through dale and upland as a fox runs free,  
Laugh for cool joy and sleep i' the warm sun, —  
And men will call me mad, like that old King.

For I am woodland-natur'd, and have made  
Dryads my bedfellows,  
And I have played

With the sleek Naiads in the splash of pools  
➤ And made a mock of gowned and trousered fools.  
And I am half Faun now, and my heart goes  
Out to the forest and the crack of twigs,  
The drip of wet leaves, and the low soft laughter  
Of brooks that chuckle o'er old mossy jests  
And say them over to themselves, the nests

Of squirrels, and the holes the chipmunk digs,  
Where through the branches the slant rays  
Dapple with sunlight the leaf-matted ground,  
And th' wind comes with blown vesture rustling after,  
And through the woven lattice of crisp sound  
A bird's song lightens like a maiden's face.

O wildwood Helen, let them strive and fret,  
Those goggled men with their dissecting knives !  
Let them in charnel-houses pass their lives  
And seek in death life's secret ! And let  
Those hard-faced worldlings, prematurely old,  
Gnaw their thin lips with vain desire to get  
Portia's fair fame or Lesbia's carcanet,  
Or crown of Cæsar or Catullus,  
Apicius' lampreys or Crassus' gold !  
For these consider many things — but yet  
By land nor sea  
They shall not find the way to Arcadie,  
The old home of the awful heart-dear Mother,  
Whereto child-dreams and long rememberings lull us,  
Far from the cares that overlay and smother  
The memories of old woodland outdoor mirth  
In the dim first life-burst centuries ago,  
The sense of the freedom and nearness of Earth —  
Nay, this they shall not know ;  
For who goes thither  
Leaves all the cark and clutch of his soul behind,

The doves defiled and the serpents shrined,  
The hates that wax and the hopes that wither;  
Nor does he journey, seeking where it be,  
But wakes and finds himself in Arcadie.

Hist! there 's a stir in the brush.  
Was it a face through the leaves?  
Back of the laurels a scurry and rush  
Hillward, then silence, except for the thrush  
That throws one song from the dark of the bush  
And is gone; and I plunge in the wood, and the swift  
soul cleaves

Through the swirl and the flow of the leaves,  
As a swimmer stands with his white limbs bare to the  
sun

For the space that a breath is held, and drops in the  
sea;

And the undulant woodland folds round me, intimate,  
fluctuant, free,

Like the clasp and the cling of waters, and the reach  
and the effort is done;—

There is only the glory of living, exultant to be.

Oh, goodly damp smell of the ground!

Oh, rough sweet bark of the trees!

Oh, clear sharp cracklings of sound!

Oh, life that's a-thrill and a-bound

With the vigor of boyhood and morning and the  
noontide's rapture of ease!



Was there ever a weary heart in the world?  
A lag in the body's urge, or a flag of the spirit's  
wings?  
Did a man's heart ever break  
For a lost hope's sake?  
For here there is lilt in the quiet and calm in the  
quiver of things.  
Ay, this old oak, grey-grown and knurled,  
Solemn and sturdy and big,  
Is as young of heart, as alert and elate in his rest,  
As the oriole there that clings to the tip of the twig  
And scolds at the wind that it buffets too rudely his  
nest.

*Hear! hear! hear!*

Listen! the word  
Of the mocking-bird!

*Hear! hear! hear!*

*I will make all clear;*

*I will let you know*

*Where the footfalls go*

*That through the thicket and over the hill*

*Allure, allure.*

How the bird-voice cleaves

Through the web of leaves

With a leap and a thrill

Like the flash of the weaver's shuttle, swift and  
sudden and sure!

And lo, he is gone — even while I turn  
The wisdom of his runes to learn.  
He knows the mystery of the wood,  
The secret of the solitude ;  
But he will not tell, he will not tell  
— For all he promises so well.

Oh, what is it breathes in the air ?  
Oh, what is it touches my cheek ?  
There's a sense of a presence that lurks in the  
branches. But where ?  
Is it far, is it far to seek ?

Brother, lost brother !  
Thou of mine ancient kin !

{ Thou of the swift will that no ponderings smother !  
The dumb life in me fumbles out to the shade  
Thou lurkest in. *cf. Whitman*

◀ In vain — evasive ever through the glade  
Departing footsteps fail ;  
And only where the grasses have been pressed  
Or by snapt twigs I follow a fruitless trail.  
So — give o'er the quest !  
Sprawl on the roots and moss !  
Let the lithe garter squirm across my throat !  
Let the slow clouds and leaves above me float  
Into mine eyeballs and across, —  
Nor think them further ! Lo, the marvel ! now,  
Thou whom my soul desireth, even thou

Sprawl'st by my side, who fled'st at my pursuit.  
I hear thy fluting ; at my shoulder there  
I see the sharp ears through the tangled hair,  
And birds and bunnies at thy music mute.

*Cool ! cool ! cool !  
Cool and sweet  
The feel of the moss at my feet !  
And sweet and cool  
The touch of the wind, of the wind !*

*Cool wind out of the blue,  
At the touch of you  
A little wave crinkles and flows  
All over me down to my toes.*

*"Coo-loo ! Coo-loo !"  
Hear the doves in the tree tops croon :  
"Coo-loo ! Coo-loo !"  
Love comes soon.*

*"June ! June !"  
The veery sings,  
Sings and sings,  
"June ! June !"  
A pretty tune !*

*Wind with your weight of perfume,  
Bring me the bluebells' bloom !*

Ah, too much charmed I seek thee, and again  
Thou meltest in the shadows. Now the breath  
Of evening comes, and at the word she saith  
I rise and turn back toward the streets of men.  
First up the hill to where the trees are few,  
To pause halfway between the wood and town  
And, strengthened with the Faun's delight, look  
down

／ Upon the roofs I am returning to.

The fervid breath of our flushed Southern May  
Is sweet upon the city's throat and lips,  
As a lover's whose tired arm slips  
Listlessly over the shoulder of a queen.  
Far away  
The river melts in the unseen.  
Oh, beautiful Girl-City, how she dips  
Her feet in the stream  
With a touch that is half a kiss and half a dream!  
Her face is very fair,  
With flowers for smiles and sunlight in her hair.

／ My westland flower-town, how serene she is!  
Here on this hill from which I look at her,  
All is still as if a worshipper  
Left at some shrine his offering.  
Soft winds kiss  
My cheek with a slow lingering.

A luring whisper where the laurels stir  
Wiles my heart back to woodland-ward again.  
But lo,  
Across the sky the sunset couriers run,  
And I remain  
To watch the imperial pageant of the sun  
Mock me, an impotent Cortez here below,  
With splendors of its vaster Mexico.

O Eldorado of the templed clouds !  
O golden city of the western sky !  
Not like the Spaniard would I storm thy gates ;  
Not like the babe stretch chubby hands and cry  
To have thee for a toy ; but, far from crowds,  
Like my Faun-brother in the ferny glen,  
Peer from the wood's edge while thy glory waits,  
And in the darkening thickets plunge again.

1894

## SWALLOW SONG

*(From the Greek)*

HURRAH, the swallow, the swallow is come,  
Bringing the spring from his southern home,  
The beautiful hours, the beautiful year !  
Hurrah, the swallow is back from his flight,  
With his back of jet and his breast of white,  
The Summer's earliest harbinger !

Come, roll out some figs from your cellar, old fellow !  
Bring a beaker of wine that is ruddy and mellow,  
And a wicker crate heaped up with cheeses !  
Be it bread of pulse or bread of wheat,  
The swallow will not disdain to eat.  
Oh, the swallow and spring and the buds and the  
breezes !

Will you send us away, or shall we receive  
The best that your larder is able to give?  
We warn you — be generous, for if you say nay,  
Your gate shall be torn from its hinge and destroyed,  
Or your wife, who is sitting within, be decoyed, —  
She is small, we can easily bear her away.  
Bring your gifts to the swallow, but if you bring aught,  
Bring all that you can, bring more than is sought ;  
Open your doors for his welcoming ;  
For we are not grey old men, not we,  
But children who laugh in juvenile glee,  
And sing in life's springtide this song of the spring.

1883

#### A HEALTH. TO E. C. S.

HERE 's your health in Burgundy  
And here 's your health in rye,  
Until our betters drink your health  
In nectar by and bye.

1897

## THE DRAMATIST. TO M. K.

NOT to reveal one mystery  
That lurks beneath life's garment-hem —  
Alas, I write of human hearts  
Because I cannot fathom them.

1898

## DELSARTE

As at the altar of the unknown God  
Even so we stood before the shrine of Art.  
Ignorant, we worshipped — till the hill was trod  
By the Apostle. Whom but thee, Delsarte?

1893

## WORLD AND POET

"SING to us, Poet, for our hearts are broken;  
Sing us a song of happy, happy love,  
Sing of the joy that words leave all unspoken, —  
The lilt and laughter of life, oh sing thereof!  
Oh, sing of life, for we are sick and dying;  
Oh, sing of joy, for all our joy is dead;  
Oh, sing of laughter, for we know but sighing;  
Oh, sing of kissing, for we kill instead!"  
How should he sing of happy love, I pray,  
Who drank love's cup of anguish long ago?  
How should he sing of life and joy and day,

Who whispers Death to end his night of woe?  
And yet the Poet took his lyre and sang,  
Till all the dales with happy echoes rang.

1891

### THE SOUTH

AH, where the hot wind with sweet odors laden  
Across the roses faintly beats his wings,  
Lifting a lure of subtle murmurings  
Over the still pools that the herons wade in,  
Telling of some far sunset-bowered Aidenn,  
And in an orange-tree an oriole sings,  
Whereunder lies, dreaming of unknown things,  
With orange-blossoms wreathed, a radiant maiden, —  
There is the poet's land, there would I lie  
Under magnolia blooms and take no care,  
And let my eyes grow languid and my mouth  
Glow with the kisses of the amorous air,  
And breathe with every breath the luxury  
Of the hot-checked, sweet, heavy-lidded South.

1883

### A CAPRICE OF OGAROW. TO M. P.

It is a sweet coquetting. I can see  
Above the fan the rogue eyes' merry leer,  
The fitful feigned retreatings that appear  
To court pursuit, the cheeks that dimple with glee



Like a lake struck by a light wind, feet that flee  
A little way and wait as if for fear  
Light love should yield the chase, — so sweet and  
clear  
The violin speech tells its tale to me.  
O art's rose lady, such themes have their part  
In beryl-wrought rare delicate interludes ;  
But give not unto these thy queenlier art.  
Rather shouldst thou unsphinx the rarer moods  
Of Chopin passioning in a star's red heart,  
Or Schubert sighing in the solitudes.

1887

### THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

THE maiden knew the hero was divine, —  
For when she saw him, was she not content ?  
So in the satisfaction of the heart  
We find his praise, nor with too noisy art  
Proclaim the beauty past all ornament  
Of his precise and unsuperfluous line.

1892

### BEETHOVEN'S THIRD SYMPHONY.

PASSION and pain, the outcry of despair,  
The pang of unattainable desire,  
And youth's delight in pleasures that expire,  
And sweet high dreamings of the good and fair

Clashing in swift soul-storm, through which no prayer  
Uplifted stays the destined death-stroke dire !  
Then through a mighty sorrowing as through fire  
The soul burnt pure yearns forth into the air  
Of the dear earth and, with the scent of flowers  
And song of birds refreshed, takes heart again,  
Made cheerier with this drinking of God's wine,  
And turns with healing to the world of men ;  
And high above a sweet strong angel towers  
And Love makes life triumphant and divine.

1888

## AUGUST

THE white sky and the white sea run  
Their twin pearl-splendors into one,  
Nor can the eye distinguish these,  
Enchanted by the diableries  
The mist-witch conjures in the sun.  
Landward a white birch, like a nun,  
Whispers her leafy rosaries.  
Beyond, where the still woodland is,  
The blue west leadens into dun,  
Close to the dark tops of the trees.

1886

## A BALLADE OF MYSTERIES

DOCTOR, I pray you, do no more wrong  
To the drugged dog there in the horrid room.  
Come, unmuzzle ; disclose how the stars prolong  
Thin lines of light through the infinite gloom,  
And how life sprang in the primal spume.  
Then I 'll tell you how the bells' ding-dong  
Holds sweet talk with the birds i' the broom,  
And the poet's heart is astir with song.

Sage, who discernest in winter's thong  
The thought at the heart of June's perfume,  
Say, how grows the weak babe wise and strong,  
And how is Thought born, and by whom  
May the Fates be lured from the pitiless loom,  
And what is Right and what is Wrong?  
Then I 'll tell you why the breakers boom,  
And the poet's heart is astir with song.

Priest, tell me now, ere the even-song,  
How God lay hid in the Virgin's womb,  
Who filleth the depth and the height of the long  
Sky-reaches, and how men's mouths consume  
His flesh that rose from the sacred tomb.  
Then I 'll tell you how the clouds give tongue  
To a message from God of a grand sweet doom,  
And the poet's heart is astir with song.

Princess, say how the heart makes room  
For love, where the cares of a kingdom throng.

Then I'll tell you why the roses bloom  
And the poet's heart is astir with song.

1887

## THE SHADOWS

DUMB as the dead, with furtive tread,  
Unseen, unheard, unknown, —  
And never a Gloom that turns his head  
As they stride where I crouch alone !

For this is the grisliest horror there  
As the brutal bulks go by ;  
Right on they fare, with a stony stare,  
Nor heed me where I lie.

Though I strain my eyes as I freeze and cringe  
Till the sockets sizzle dry,  
And the eyeball shrieks like a rusty hinge,  
They will never impinge mine eye.

I shall see nought but the silver darks  
Of the sky and the dim sea,  
Where horrid silver loops and arcs  
Foam phosphorent at me.

But the cliff, the cliff ! Lo, where thereon  
Their silent shadows file,  
One after one, one after one,  
Mile on remorseless mile.

Dull red, like embers in a grate,  
Against the sulphur crag,  
They play about the feet of Fate  
Their awful game of tag.

1893

### ANGRO-MAINYUS

I AM the Most High God ;  
Worship thou me !  
Put not up vain prayers to avert my wrath,  
For my wrath shall fall like the thunderbolt  
And thou shalt be cleft asunder as an oak.

I am Angro-mainyus, the Most High God.  
Cry not unto me for mercy, for I am merciless.  
Sin and Death are my ministers,  
And my ways are ways of torture and the shedding  
of blood.  
I am the Lord thy God.

I am the Destroyer.  
My sword is as fire in the forest ;

My feet are inexorable.  
Ask me not to deliver thee from evil.  
I am Evil.

Ahura-mazda is God too,  
The beneficent one, the savior !  
He dwelleth in the Sun,  
But I in the terror of tempests.  
There are two thrones, but one God.

The waves of the sea war mightily,  
But in the deeps there is calm.  
Ahura-mazda and I are one God ;  
There is war between our legions,  
But in us peace.  
Behold, he knoweth my thoughts and I his,  
And there is no discord in us.

He worketh in light  
And I in darkness ;  
His ways and my ways are asunder.  
But blaspheme not, calling me " Devil,"  
Neither saying, " There are two Gods ;"  
I am the Most High God,  
And I and Ahura-mazda are one.

1888

### IMMANENCE

Enthroned above the world although he sit,  
Still is the world in him and he in it ;  
    The selfsame power in yonder sunset glows  
That kindled in the lords of Holy Writ.

1893

### TRANSCENDENCE

THOUGH one with all that sense or soul can see,  
Not prisoned in his own creations he,  
    His life is more than stars or winds or angels —  
The sun doth not contain him nor the sea.

1893

### VISITATION

WAS it a dream, or did I see him there,  
That quiet presence in my easy-chair?  
Surely a sacred hush was in the room,  
And a dim sense of legends made the gloom  
Of unlit tapers and a dying fire  
Rich with the grace of wonderland drawn nigher —  
And there across the table, who but he?

I cannot think but that he thought of me,  
Far off, in some diviner atmosphere,  
And, thinking so, — if he did not appear

Indeed, as I half fancied then, and now  
Still sometimes dream, so clear the wide calm brow,  
Shadowed with a sweet seriousness, I see  
Across the table in my reverie —  
Yet, thinking so, his loving thought had power  
To make me feel his presence like a flower  
That sends a heavy odor through the air,  
To make me see him, though he was not there.

O gentle ghost! I would that I could deem  
That I were worthy of that passing dream.  
I would that I could think that my poor song  
Had reached thee where thou walkest with the throng  
Of gracious poets in their glory crowned,  
Shakespeare and Burns and Shelley laurel-bound,  
And pleased thee but so much as thou shouldst turn  
And yield one sigh for those who still must mourn  
On this harsh earth, one sigh for him whose line  
Were too much graced in that one thought of thine.

1891

## IN EXCELSIS

I SAW a man alone upon a height,  
With face toward heaven. I asked what did he  
there.  
“For thirty years I have known the stars; to-night,”  
He said, “I see the angels and despair.”

1896



## THE VEILED LADY

WHOSO hath seen her brow displayed,  
Keeps silence of its bloom or blight.  
She passeth through our streets arrayed  
In weeds that screen her from men's sight.  
None knoweth if in that veil bedight  
Lurk loathsome hag or lovesome maid.  
Whoso hath seen her brow displayed  
Keeps silence of its bloom or blight.

Men pass her daily undismayed,  
Yet often in the sleepless night  
Cry "Grace or Gorgon?" sore afraid;  
But no word comes from any wight.  
Whoso hath seen her brow displayed,  
Keeps silence of its bloom or blight.

1888

## THE MESSENGER

*(For the Picture by G. F. Watts)*

STRONG angel of the peace of God,  
Not wholly undivined thy mien;  
Along the weary path I trod  
Thou hast been with me though unseen.

My hopes have been a mad turmoil,  
A clutch and conflict all my life,  
The very craft I loved a toil,  
And love itself a seed of strife.

But sometimes in a sudden hour  
I have been great with Godlike calm,  
As if thy tranquil world of power  
Flowed in about me like a psalm.

And peace has fallen on my face,  
And stillness on my struggling breath;  
And, living, I have known a space  
The hush and mastery of Death.

Stretch out thy hand upon me, thou  
Who comest as the still night comes!  
I have not flinched at buffets; now  
Let Strife go by, with all his drums.

1894

## HENRY GEORGE

*(Died October 29, 1897)*

Oh, be his death a clarion  
To hearten, not dismay!  
Fight on!  
We have not lost the day. . . .

Ay, if the day be lost, what then?

The cause, the cause endures.

Be men —

The triumph yet is yours,

The triumph every cause has won

That called men to be free !

Fight on,

Indomitable as he —

As he, our captain without stain,

The Bayard of the poor.

Be men !

Flinch no man in this hour.

Remember him that knew no fear,

And craved no diadem.

A cheer !

Be that his requiem.

1897

**V**



## BENZAQUEN : A FRAGMENT

### BOOK I

SOUL of the East! Thou strong still angel whose  
great wings,

Stretched moveless in the air, outspread from  
Himalay

To Sinai and the dreaming Nile! Whose ponderings  
Fill the rich womb of Asia with the sons of day!  
Under the shadow of whose brooding thought the  
earth

Breeds mysteries and devotions! Shalt thou not  
always,  
As in the beginning, bring the lords of life to birth?

For we, whom Michael, the fierce spirit of the West,  
Leads to the storm of Heaven with call of drum and  
fife, —

We are the lords of earth, lords of the endless quest,  
Lords of the violent and immitigable strife,  
Lords of the lightnings, lords of iron, lords of the  
Deed;

But thine, O East, the lords of life and the springs  
of life,  
Lords of the void spaces of the soul's extreme need.

Therefore to thee, as when at nightfall o'er the hills  
The shadows creep and overhead the silent stars

Kindle their furtive fires, and all the deep heaven  
fills  
With soundless splendors; then the warder Sleep  
unbars  
The gates of dream — even so to thee we come and  
seek  
Peace and the mirrored vision that no tumult  
mars,  
The wisdom only Death and Night and Silence speak.

Under the cloudlike sweep of those unmoving pinions  
Wherewith the soul of Asia floats and dreams  
unstirred,  
High on the slope of that sheer mount whose peak  
dominions  
The valley of Lake Van, roamed over by the Kurd,  
Ali the poet lay, and fever crunched his bones;  
And by him moved with gentle step and soothing  
word  
The teacher, Benzaquen, and groaned but stilled his  
groans.

At last the sick man slept; and Benzaquen arose  
And walked along the soaring pathway, where  
beneath  
The valley lay o'erpurpled; and across his brows  
The wind laid its long fingers gently till his teeth

Relaxed their clenching and his heart grew calm.  
He sighed,  
As one that wakes from a deep trance and with his  
breath  
Drinks life in eagerly, and, "Gentle God," he cried,

"How comely in the morning is thy face; how fair  
Among the valleys is the coming of thy feet!  
The air is glad of thee; yea, as a maid the air  
Trembles and blushes for her lover. Behold, the  
wheat  
Bows down before thee in the sun; the sesame  
Bends low beneath thy kisses, for thy lips are sweet;  
The peaches and pomegranates stir and worship thee.

"How loving is the Lord God and how strong withal!  
The fig-tree putteth forth her fruit in the fair  
weather;  
The clusters of the vine hang purple on the wall:  
But the north wind awakes and the black frost strides  
hither,  
And the bare boughs stretch gaunt in prayer against  
their doom.  
The hand of the Lord God is upon them and they  
wither;  
The hand of the Lord God is upon them and they  
bloom.



“ Praise him, ye hills ; praise him, ye beech-trees of  
Sapan !

Praise him, sun and air and divine reach of blue !  
Praise him, ye rivers ; praise him, violet waves of Van !  
Praise him, clouds and vapors and dear drench of  
the dew !

Praise him, ye caverns of Mount Ala, ye fountains  
welling

In the groves of Baghlar ; for his tarrying is with  
you, —

Here is the garden of the Lord, and this is his dwelling.”

He ceased ; his chin fell on his bosom and he wept,  
For sudden longing smote him for the boy that lay  
Sick in the cavern, his disciple ; and he kept

Weeping, and willingly he could have turned to pray  
The Divine Father of all to hear and save the youth,  
But would not ; so his heart grew heavier alway.  
But him Sandalphon heard, the angel, and had ruth

And came to him ; and like a wind he came whose  
touch

Rustles the leaves in Baghlar. Thereon Benzaquen  
Lifted his eyes and saw him, in apparel such

As at Baghdad in the schools among the elder men  
The young aspirant wears. “ Master,” the angel said,  
“ Why weepest thou ? ” But he, not knowing him,  
again

Let fall his eyes and spake not, sad, uncomforted.

The angel spake on : " In the streets of Van men say,  
And in Kharput, that Ali, he who did not fail  
In the hour when all rejected thee, and in the day  
Of exile left thee not, thy comfort, waxeth frail  
With fever and, without God, in three days is dead,  
For even thy knowledge, wise hakim, doth not avail."  
And Benzaquen made answer unto him and said :

" Is my name heard in Van? Or in Kharput doth any  
Remember me? How know they if I come or go?"  
He paused with nostrils wide for scorn of many and  
many ;  
Then sighed again with " Son, all this thou sayest  
is so.

Why troublest thou me? " And Sandalphon answered  
sweet :

" Though I be young, I may speak wisdom ; yea,  
although  
I be not old, my conversation may be meet.

" Righteous hast thou been from thy youth ; thy voice  
is heard,  
Morning and evening, praising God. Thou hast  
put down

The atheist in the market-place, and with a word  
Confuted them that doubt ; the young men of the  
town

Heard thee and scorned the scoffers. Shall God,  
then, despise  
Thy pleading, or if thou implore him, shall he  
frown?  
Open thy heart to him, beseech him and be wise!"

Then Benzaquen rose up and answered, and his  
speech  
Was wrathful: "Knowest thou so much, and know-  
est not this, —  
That therefore was I cast out from among them that  
teach;  
And therefore was my name writ down with words  
that hiss  
And sear into my soul, *Accurst*; therefore, re-  
belling,  
I bide alone and know no more my father's kiss;  
Therefore the caverns of Mount Ala are my  
dwelling!

"Because I would not speak vain words to the All  
Wise,  
Nor blur discretion, babbling. Shall a man aspire  
Before Him who controls the inexorable skies  
To say *This thing is good* or *That thing I desire*?  
Who then is he takes counsel with the Almighty?  
Who

